A Story by Poe, Done Word for Word Into a Play



Bon-Bon, host of the Cafe de Bon-Bon

The short stories of Edgar Allan Poe have been, with only slight changes, adapted to play form, and soon will be presented from the stage of the Princess Theater by Mr. William Barstow. The first offering is to be "Bon-Bon," which is herewith reproduced in its dramatic form. The spoken lines are, without exception, the exact conversation written by the author in short story form. The description of the characters and setting are as Poe pictured them. While the exact date has not been set, there will be performances Sunday evening and matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. These other Poe stories are to be presented later in dramatic form: "Lenore," "The Tell Tale Heart," "The Gold Bug" and "Lionizing." One thing that these plays are said particularly to bring out is the fact that Edgar Allan Poe was possessed of a very distinct and even well developed sense of humor.

array of curtains a la Greque. In the ment. of the kitchen and bibliotheque. A large propensity.

TIME-ONE MIDNIGHT IN 1810 | self, he draws close to himself a small serve her well. Now, Bon-Bon, do you table covered with books and papers, and behold the thoughts . . . the reflec-SEVERE winter storm without, soon becomes absorbed in the task of tions which are being engendered in her A long, low-pitched room of retouching a voluminous manuscript in- pericranium? There it is now . . . you antique construction. In the tended for publication on the morrow, do not! She is thinking we admire the corner of the room stands He is occupied for some moments, when length of her tail and the profundity the bed of the metaphysician. An a whining voice is heard in the apart- of her mind. She has just concluded

direct family communion the properties you all! You shall not talk about my superficial of metaphysicianal Thus

chains swings convulsively. Large vol- fireplace, sits in leather-bottomed chair My vision is the soul. umes, with pronounced German bindings, before the blazing fagots. It enows (His Majesty helps Minself to wine are resting upon gridiron. A small bust fiercely without and the wind shakes on the table, and pouring out a bumper of Plato is in frying pan. A spit ex- the curtains of the philosopher's bed. A for Bon-Bon, requests him to drink it tends in front of fireplace, upon which huge folio eign swings without. Bon- and make himself perfectly at home.) ancient parchment is filed. Otherwise, Bon. attempts to make a des œufs a la MIS MAJESTY (tapping Bon-Bon from the usual restaurants of that an omelet a la Reine. Overturns the book that of yours, apon my honor! It through the proboscis!

of no pressing importance. . . . In short, I can very well wait until you have finished your exposition.

BON-BON-My exposition! There now! How do you know? How came you to understand that I was writing an exposition? Good God!

HIS MAJESTY (in shrill tones)-

(Rises quickly from bed and makes single step toward Bon-Bon, while from lamp swings convulsively back from his

BON-BON (considerably embarrassed) -Why, sir . . . why, sir . . . to speak sincerely, I believe you are . . . apon my word . . . the d-ndest . . that is to say, I think . . . I can imagine . . . I have some faint . . . some very faint idea . . . of the remarkable

HIS MAJESTY-Say no more . . . I ee how it is . . .

BON-BON (interrupting His Majesty) Oh, ah, yes . . . very well. (His Majesty takes of his green spectacles, wipes the glasses carefully on sleeve of his coat and deposits them

in his pocket. Pierre Bon-Bon perceives

plainly that His Majesty has no eyes.) BON-BON-Ah, hum . . . I perceive that your Majesty's eyes are neither black, as I anticipated . . . nor gray, as might have been imagined . . . nor hazel, nor blue, nor indeed yellow . . . red, nor purple . . . nor white . . nor green, nor any other color in the heavens above, nor the earth beneath.

HIS MAJESTY-Eyes! My dear Bon-Bon . . . eyes, did you say? . . . Oh! . . Ah, I perceive! Eyes are very well in their proper place . . . that you would say is in the head . . . right . . . the head of a worm. I will convince you that my vision is more penstrating than your own . . . There is a cat, as you see, in the corner . . . s that I am the most distinguished of corner, diagonally opposite, appears in BON-BON-Out of the house! Curse ecclesiastics and that you are the most you may see I am not altogether blind. lamp suspended from ceiling on iron (Locks the door, and, walking to the Endeavor, Bon-Bon, to use them well.

oath and takes himself to a BON-BON (starting to his feet and much for his terrible ill-temper as for HIS MAJESTY-There was Plato, of Mousseaux and draws from closet tasted very like Aristotle. You know, I his seat. However his happy knack for making a blunder. too, for whom I hold all the affection Chambertin).



and offers snuffbox to reads: "and is, you perceive, the funda

arrived behind the philosopher's chair is worth a dozen of them, and, besides, is always to be apprehended when the Humph! period. A large freplace at right of stew, whistles to the dog, and settling is a work after my own heart. Your arBON-BON-Which is—(hlosup)—unas he was inditing . . . Giving the will keep, which cannot be said of a souls are consigned to us in the usual HIS MAJESTY—Your soul, Monlamina the fillip with my finger, I turned Quirite. Let us taste your Sauterne. way. midable array of labelled bottles. seat a small table covered with books ever, might be improved . . . and many (Bon-Bon pours out another bumper it upside down, so the sentence now (Bon-Bon—conscious of a strange BON-BON—(Hiccup.) . . . Good God! BON-BON—Yes, sir . . . (hiccup) . .

There is only one solid truth in all of a friend. You knew Plato, Bon-Bon? HIS MAJESTY-But once, Monsieur not have told from Menander. Naso. in a low tone:) shakes fearfully with wind rushing BON-BON (eyes falling upon some- that he has written, and for that I gave Ah! no. I beg a thousand pardons. He Bon-Bon, there was a time (as if recit- to my astonishment, was Nicander in HIS MAJESTY-I tell you what, Bon-Bon, you very well know to what for an idea. I bade him write down of five years, during which the republic, in mind of Architochus and Titus (Ben-Bon ewallows another bumper.) The folio sign creaks ominausly without. I was saying that I am not at all BON-BON-Cannot say that I d-1 home, while I stepped over to the magistracy besides the tribunes of the other. After completing a scruting, whose pushed for time . . . that the busi- HIS MAJESTY--Indeed; Why, it Pyramids, but my conscience smote me people, and these were not legally vested BON-BON-(Hiccup.)

(hiccup) . . . Epicurus? HIS MAJESTY (in astonishment)-What do I think of whom? You surely cannot find any fault with Epicurus! What do I think of Epicurus? Do you mean me, sir, I am Epicurus? I am the

at that time, Monsieur Bon-Bon . .

at that time only I was in Rome, and

I have no earthly acquaintance, conse-

BON-BON-What do you think of . .

quently, with any of its philosophy.

the three hundred treatises commemorated by Diogenes Lacrtes! BON-BON (exclaiming excitedly, for the wine has gone to his head)-Thut's

HIS MAJESTY (with an air of being very much flattered)-Very well, very well, sir . . . very well, indeed, sir! BON-BON-That's a lie . . . that's a

... (hiccup) ... a liel HIS MAJESTY-Well, well, have it

your own way. (Opens another bottle of Chambertin.) As I was saying . . . as I was observing a little while ago, there are some very outre notions in that book of yours, Monsieur Bon-Bon. What, for instance, do you mean about all this chant, Monsieur Bon-Bon . . . if I have | vents corpore, in which case I find they humbug about the soul?

soul is undoubtedly . . .

HIS MAJESTY-No, siri . . . BON-BON-Indubitably! . . . HIS MAJESTY-No, sirl . . .

BON-BON-Evidently! . . . HIS MAJESTY-No. sir! . . . BON-BON-Incontrovertibly! . . . HIS MAJESTY-No, sirt . . . BON-BON-(hicoup)

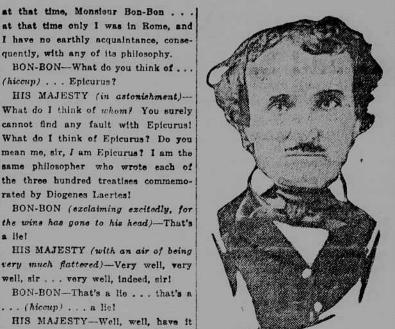
HIS MAJESTY-No, sir! . .

BON-BON-And beyond all question

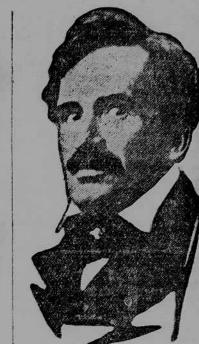
(Philosopher looks daggers and takes

occasion to make an end upon the spot of his third bottle of Chambertin.) BON-BON-Then . . . (hiccup) . . . cholers morbus.

HIS MAJESTY-That is neither here ly) I have tasted some very bad souls | . . . I have known some very bad souls opher dropped a tearl and some, too, pretty good ones. (Smacks HIS MAJESTY—After all . . after certain mental endowments, which it but Plate, the comic poet. Your Plate BON-BON-How so?



Edgar Allan Poe



William Barstow Smith

a penchant it is for a philosopher. Let keep very well. BON-BON-The . . . (Miccup) . . . me tell you, it is not every dev- . . . I BON-BON-But the body . . . Me mean, it is not every gentleman who cup) . . . the body! knows how to choose a philosopher. HIS MAJESTY-The body . . . the Long ones are not good, and the best, body . . . well, what of the body? Oh, if not carefully shelled, are apt to be I perceive. Why the body is not at all

> BON-BON-Shelled? HIS MAJESTY-I mean, taken out of in my day and the parties never expe-

think of a physician?

HIS MAJESTY-No, sir; the soul is Ugh! Ugh! (Retches viclently.) I never knew what it was to have a soul tasted but one . . . that rascal Hippo- during the latter part of their lives. crates . . . smelt of asafortida . . . Ugh! Ugh!! Ugh!!! . . . caught a cold ps well as I do? Is he not in posses-... a wretched cold, washing him in sion of all his faculties, mental and

BON-BON-The . . . (hiccup) . . . ment in my pocket. nor there, Monsteur Bon-Bon. (Amused- wretch! The . . . (hiccup) . . . abortion of a pill box . . . And the philos- takes a number of papers from it. Bon-

would have turned the stomach of Cere- HIS MAJESTY-Why, we are some- title and appurtenances in the shadow bus! Faugh! . . . Then, let me ace . . . times exceedingly pushed for provi- Clever that, but, like you, Monsieur there was Nævius, Andronicus, Plautus sions. You must know that in a cli- Bon-Bon, he was mistaken about the and Terentius. Then there were Lucillus mate so sultry as mine it is fre- soul. The soul a shadow truly. The and Catullus—and Naso and Quintus quently impossible to keep a spirit soul a shadow! Ha! HA! HA! He! Flaccus . . . dear Quinty, as I called alive for more than two or three hours of a fricasseed shadow! him, when he sung a seculars for my -and after death, unless pickled im-

exact purpose was unintelligible to him- ness I took the liberty of calling for is was I that told Aristotle that . . . by for having uttered a truth, even to aid a with any degree of executive power . . . HIS MAJESTY—But if I have a pen- For my part, I purchase my spirits vistarve. Some put up with the pickle.

a little rancid on account of gall. affected by the transaction. I have made innumerable purchases of the kind rienced any inconvenience. There were BON-BON-(Hiccup)-What do you Cain and Nimrod, and Nero and Callyula, and Dionysius and Pisistratus HIS MAJESTY-Don't mention them! and . . . and a thousand others who Yet these men adorned society. Why, isn't there A- now, whom you know the Styx, and after all, he gave me the corporeal? Who writes a keener epigram? Who reasons more wittily? Who . . . but stay . . . I have his agree-

(Produces a red leather wallet and

his lips.) There was the soul of Gratiwishes to live, he must have more tai- ther consideration of one thousand louis anus . . . passable! Aristophanes, racy; wishes to live, he must have those to d'or, I, being aged one year and one Plato . . . exquisite . . . not your Plato, fat face is an evidence of diplomacy. month, do hereby make over to the bearer of this agreement all my right,

amusement, while I toasted him in pure mediately . . . and a pickled spirit a . . . (hiccup) . . . fricasseed shadow! good humor on a fork-but they want is not good! . . they will smell Now damme! . . . (hiccup) . . . Humph! the Cafe de Bon-Bon differs very little Princesses. Unfortunately, perpetrates knowingly upon the shoulder)—A clever sneezing, men expelled superfluous ideas friend, and hastening back to Athens, I flavor, these Romans. One fat Greek you understand, eh? Putrefaction If I would have been such a . . . (hiccup)

HIS MAJESTY-What, sir?

HIS MAJESTY-Did you mean to

BON-BON-Yes, air, in some (hiscorp . . . hiscorp) . . . Humph! 'Yes, BON-BON-Yes, sir, my soul is . . .

HIS MAJESTY-Did you intend to as-BON-BON-My soul is . . . (hiccup) peculiarly qualified for . . . (hiccup),

HIS MAJESTY-What . . . sir? BON-BON-Stew! HIS MAJESTY-Ha! Hall

One Hundred Years Ago Yesterday-George Eliot's Birthday

LTHOUGH her centenary, toms in the Midlands now extant. observed yesterday, reter self-expression and scorners of Milton; newspaper topics; morsels with George H. Lewes and her marriage at sixty with J. W. Cross.

Rural Life

Mary Ann Evans-she called herself Marian-was born on November "Adam Bede" are among the most reviews. In her spare moments she fication of her action, George Eliot, which nictures of manners and cus- found time to translate Fenerbach's who believed televance to be the

"My mind," she says, "was an astion of a great name in Vic- beauty, ancient and modern; scraps

torian fiction, passionate seekers af- of poetry picked up from Shakeeverything Victorian probably re of Addison and Bacon, Latin verbs, member George Eliot less for her geometry, entomology and chemispictures of English country life try; reviews and metaphysics-all than for her unconventional union arrested and petrified and smothered by the fast-thickening everyday accession of actual events, relative anxieties and household cares and

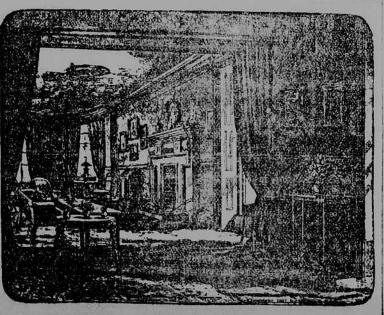
When she was twenty-one her father moved to Coventry, where she welcomed new opportunities for in-22, 1819, in Derbyshire, where her tellectual development and made book which ever appeared under her a land agent for the many friends. Chief among these 'amily. For twenty-one were the Brays. Brought up in a years her ambitious nature and strictly religious family, George No Regrets strong imagination was smothered Eiot soon became a freethinker. Soon afterward she met George with the details of rural life. Yet, Brays's, she called "the first man I History of Philosophy" and "The all this time she was studying types have ever seen." Offered the post Life of Goethe," who was then sepaand memorizing impressions, later of assistant editor on "The West- rated from his wife. A year later, to be mirrored in her novels. "The minster Review," Miss Evans went aithough a divorce was impossible, he Mill on the Floss," for instance, is to live in London. She filled this and Miss Evans decided upon a autobiographical, while "Scenes of laborious position for many years, union. Neither ever regretted the Clerical Life," "Silas Marner" and contributing articles and elaborate step. Writing to a friend in justi-



George Eliot

greatest lesson in life, said: "Light | how subtle and complex are the in- | criticism and praise. The inscrip- | life, for she was eminently not a leager, anxious desire to get as close and easily broken ties are what I fluences that mold opinion." tions on the manuscripts she gave typical mistress of a salon. It was as possible to the person with whom

live for practically. Women who George Eliot began her career as a husband, whose perfect love has been from one person to another. Play- like to raising her voice and often are satisfied with such ties do not novelist with "Scenes of Clerical the best source of her insight and ing around many disconnected sub- became so wholly absorbed in conact as I have done. That any un- Life," which attracted the attention strength, this manuscript is given by jects, in talk, neither interested her versation that the announcement of worldly, unsuperstitious person who of Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, his devoted wife, the writer," reads nor amused her much. She took an incoming visitor sometimes failed is sufficiently acquainted with the Tennyson, Ruskin, Froude and other the inscription on the manuscript of things too seriously, and seldom to attract her attention, but the realities of life can pronounce my eminent Victorians. Lewes read her "Romola." relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I books with her as they were written Seven editions and 16,000 copies of compensated by the gain. Fortu- recognized a friend they smiled a



Drawing Room at the Priory

not otherwise important in her own was usually bent forward with an interesting biography.

neither desire theoretically nor could It was then, at thirty-six, that him record her feelings. "To the difficult for her, mentally, to move she talked. She had a great disfound the effort of entertaining moment the eyes were lifted up and can only understand by remembering and encouraged her with helpful "Adam Bede," her second novel, were nately Mr. Lewes supplied any quali- rare welcome -- sincere, cordial, printed during its first year. Black- ties lacking in the hostess. A bril- grave - a welcome that was felt to wood offered £2,000 for 4,000 copies liant talker, a delightful reconteur, come straight from the heart, not of her next novel. Her financial versatile, full of resource in the graduated according to social dissuccess was permanently assured, social difficulties of amalgamating tinction." Ferdinand Brunetière, in his study diverse groups, and bridging over Her Grief of "Le roman naturalists," declared awkward pauses, he managed to George Lewes died at the priory her the founder of English "nat- secure for these gatherings most toward the end of 1878 and George of the social success they ob- Eliot was prostrated by the blowtained. . . . In November, 1863, the Leweses "When the drawing-room door voting herself to the arrangement

Her grief found expression in desettled at the Priory, 21 North Re- of the priory opened a first glance of Lewes's unfinished work and in gents Park, a house especially asso- revealed George Eliot always in the the establishing of a George Henry ciated with George Eliot's memory. same low armchair on the left hand Lewes scholarship in physiological In his "Life of George Eliot" Mr. side of the fire. On entering the research. By degrees she revived. Cross speaks of the Sunday after- visitor's eye was at once arrested In 1880 she married John Walter noon receptions held by the Leweses, by the massive head. The abundant Cross, a banker of New York, for which attracted a great variety of hair, streaked with gray now, was some time a member of the Lewes interesting people. It seems that draped with lace, arranged man-circle and with whom her friendship "her salon was important as a meet-tilla-fashion, coming to a point at began when she helped him in his ing place for many friends whom the top of her forehead. If she were lowing December, and it is to Mr. she cared greatly to see, but it was engaged in conversation her body Cross that posterity is indebted for